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SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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General Summary.

By the Arrivals from South America and China, we have received a number of interesting documents, relating to public affairs in those quarters, which we shall take the earliest opportunity to present to our readers. From the first we have a File of Lima Gazettes, published by the Patriot Government, soon after their entry into the City, extending from the 16th of July to the 17th of October. They are full of interesting matter, but as they require Translation, we can only offer them progressively, and in portions of a few pages at a time. We shall do our best, however, to extract all that is useful from their contents. The heads of the China News will be found in our Asiatic Sheet; and the details we hope to be able to present to-morrow.

We have gone on, from day to day, extracting from the English and French Papers in our possession, a series of comments and speculations on the affairs of Turkey, with the facts and rumours on which they are founded; and our Readers must, generally, have made up their minds by this time, as to the actual situation and future prospects of these countries, as far as these can be ascertained from the circumstances that had transpired up to the time of the departure of the last intelligence from Europe. This, like a well-told tale, seems generally to break off at the most interesting conjuncture, when events are hastening to a catastrophe; and the future is big with eager expectation, leaving the mind in anxious suspense. In this instance, the great question is—What measures will the great Powers of Europe, especially Russia, adopt towards the Greeks? While we are unable to add any new facts towards the solution of this important question, we necessarily have recourse to the *data* already in our possession.

Though it is consoling to know, that the accounts of the atrocities committed by the Turks, received through the French Papers, have been partially discountenanced by the English Journals as exaggerations, enough remains to make us wish that they may be speedily put an end to, by some means or other; and the most ready and effectual means is the interposition of Russia, which must therefore be cordially desired by all, unless in so far as they are alarmed by their apprehensions of the colossal strength of that Empire being thereby vastly augmented, and the Balance of Power in Europe, the preservation of which has been long the object of politicians, thereby for ever destroyed. That Russia will interpose in behalf of the Greeks, we have every reason to believe, and among others the following:—

First.—Russia has a right to interpose: By the treaties between the Court of Russia and the Porte, the latter power has stipulated to protect the exercise of the Christian Religion, to pay great and peculiar respect to ecclesiastics, to treat its Christian subjects with generosity and humanity in the imposition of taxes; and it is stipulated that Russia should have a right to interpose when necessary to preserve these conditions inviolate. The murder of the Greek Patriarch, the massacres of the Christians in Constantinople, Smyrna, and other places, fully warrant Russia therefore in resorting to force, which is further justified by the insults offered to her Ambassador.

Secondly.—It is her interest to interfere; the insurrection of the Greeks presents a favorable opportunity of augmenting the empire by a valuable accession of territory; of strengthening her power by acquiring the dominion of a docile yet warlike race, who from being of the same religion are capable of coalescing with her own subjects; of raising her maritime power, and

getting possession of the Dardanelles, one of the keys to the Mediterranean. It cannot be doubted for a moment that these considerations will operate powerfully on the Court of Russia; and it is hardly possible to believe that such an opportunity will be neglected.

Thirdly.—As far as the most recent intelligence reaches, Russia showed every disposition to quarrel with the Porte; as it is reasonable to suppose Baron Strogonoff acted in conformity to the instructions of his Court. The Generals who suffered the Insurgent corps to save themselves on the Russian territory and thwarted the Turkish troops in cutting them off, by specious objections, must have acted in obedience to orders given in the same spirit. The overland despatches received, had a doubt not been cast on their accuracy by other improbable events announced in them, were therefore calculated to carry with them implicit belief that Russia had actually declared war against the Porte.

These are the reasons which would induce us to believe that Russia has ere this interposed in behalf of the Greeks. But if the cabinets of Europe were actuated by any other motives than the desire of absolute power or self aggrandisement, they would have joined in one unanimous effort to rescue the Greeks from the yoke of the Turks. Justice, Religion, and Humanity, if they had any respect for either, equally call upon them to interpose: Political Justice would tell them that it is not fitting that upwards of five millions of men should be subjected to the domination of a people much fewer in number and less enlightened than themselves, whereby the happiness of the many is sacrificed to the few, and knowledge and civilisation are thrown backward.—Religion would tell them that it was a reproach to them to suffer their fellow Christians to be bound down under the insulting yoke of Infidels—and Humanity would rouse them to put an end to the atrocities that have been committed, and which commonly result where a barbarous and superstitious people domineer over another of a different religious persuasion.

Though much has been published on this subject much more remains; and there is scarcely ever an instance of our being able to extract all the leading articles even of the various Prints that reach us from home. Some thoughtless persons here, as well as elsewhere, are indeed occasionally clamorous for still greater variety of selection, and think an Indian Paper should be a sort of *Olla Podrida* made up of every opposite ingredient. We shall never yield to such a vitiated taste as this; and must request such persons to procure their own materials and make up their own bill of fare. It would seem to us just as reasonable to ask a Christian Writer, who was endeavouring to teach and exemplify the doctrines of Truth, to give an alternate page from Infidel publications, that both sides of the question might be heard, as to ask the Editor of a Public Journal who professed his admiration of Civil and Religious Freedom, to give an alternate page in every Number of his Paper, in support of slavish and pernicious doctrines, that both sides of the question might be fully seen. Each party in Religion has its avowed advocates each party in Courts of Justice has its separate Counsel, and the Papers of England each endeavour to advocate what they think constitutional and just. Why Editors in India are to be denied a right enjoyed by the Public Writers in every other part of the world we have yet to learn;—and shall not easily yield it up without stronger reasons than we have ever yet seen urged against its exercise.

Russia and Turkey.—We are still unable to communicate to our readers any authentic information respecting the state of the relations between Russia and Turkey. But every thing seems to indicate the speedy commencement of hostilities. A powerful Russian army is already collected on the frontiers of Turkey; and the violent and intemperate proceedings of the Divan are well calculated to facilitate their ambitious views, and to afford them a plausible excuse for "letting slip the dogs of war." Should matters come to this extremity, the expulsion of the Turks from Europe may be considered as certain; and this, as we have already endeavoured to shew, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. If the Turkish government had been a free government—if it had protected and secured the rights and liberties of all classes of its subjects—it would have been our duty, and it would have been the duty of every other free country, to have endeavoured to prevent its subversion. But, although we had been as rich as we are poor—although, instead of being burdened with 800 millions of debt, we had possessed so much accumulated treasure, we should not have been justified in sending a single regiment, or a single ship of war to the assistance of the Ottomans. The sooner they are expelled from Europe the better. Can it be for our interest, or for the interest of any country, that one of the richest and most fertile countries in the world should be desolated and laid waste by a horde of Tartars? And are we to involve ourselves in a contest with Russia for the sake of the merciless murderers and plunderers of the Greeks? The idea is so monstrous and absurd, that we are astonished it could ever have met with the slightest countenance. But we shall be told, perhaps, that we ought to interfere, not for the sake of the Turks, but to prevent the too great ascendancy of Russia. Had we acted on this principle when Russia partitioned Poland, and when we sanctioned her occupation of Finland, it would have been all well; but it is now rather late to think of restoring the balance of power. If Russia is inclined to extend her empire to the Dardanelles, she will do so, we may depend upon it, without once inquiring or caring whether we approve of it or not. It is a vulgar error, however, to estimate the power and resources of a country by the mere geographical extent of its dominions. A long period must elapse before the acquisition of European Turkey could add either to the wealth or the power of the Russian government. The country is now so completely scourged and exhausted, and the spirit and enterprise of its inhabitants so thoroughly subdued, that its occupation must, at first, prove a heavy burden to its conquerors. That they would ultimately derive advantages from it, we are not disposed to deny. But the time necessary to produce these advantages would bring with it new circumstances, new interests, and new connexions. The Sovereigns of Russia will not be all CATHARINES and ALEXANDERS. And it is only natural to suppose that the alarm which the occupation of Turkey by Russia must occasion at Vienna, will awaken the Austrian rulers from their lethargy to a proper sense of their true interests, and stimulate them to adopt such measures for developing the powers and resources of their naturally rich and well-consolidated dominions, as may easily render them a match for Russia. At present Austria can only act offensively on the extreme frontier of the Russian empire; but if Turkey were added to the dominions of the latter, Austria would have an advanced position in Transylvania, from which she would be able to attack either the northern or southern provinces of her antagonist. We do not, however, think that there is any great chance that Petersburg and Constantinople would continue permanently to obey the same sovereign. Under the comparatively mild and well-regulated despotism of the Russians, the Greeks would be enabled to avail themselves of all the advantages of their situation. Their intercourse with foreigners would be prodigiously extended. The country would become gradually more populous, and the inhabitants wealthier and better informed. And, in these circumstances, there is but little probability that they would continue disposed patiently to submit to the Russian yoke, or that they would hesitate to avail themselves of the first favourable opportunity for vindicating their independence.

We shall, in some future number, endeavour to lay before our readers a statement of the advantages that have already resulted to the commerce of Europe, from the conquests made by Russia on the Black sea; they will shew the nature and extent of the commercial advantages we might expect to reap from her occupation of the whole of European Turkey.

It was currently reported in London, that the Russian ambassador, Baron STROGONOFF, had been put to death by the Turks, and that a Turkish squadron had been defeated at Mytelene by the Greeks. These reports, it is now ascertained, are both unfounded. Advices have been received from Constantinople of the 21st of June, which mention, that the Turkish squadron, which had sailed, had been driven back within the castles of the Dardanelles, by a Greek fleet of upwards of 100 vessels. The latter was lying off Tenedos. Arrests at Constantinople were more frequent than ever, and the most serious apprehensions were entertained, that before the end of the Ramazan, the Janizaries would rise and commit horrible excesses. There is no mention made of any indignity being offered to STROGONOFF. The Ionian Islands remained in a state of tranquillity. At Patras, every thing was quiet on the 22nd of June, and the Turks were still in possession of the town and surrounding country.—*Seoteman.*

Reform and Retrenchment.—The talk about reform and retrenchment becomes every day more specific; and if the public had not been often deceived by professions of this kind before, its confidence would, no doubt, be stronger. The reduction in the Army will, it is said, cut off 13,000 men; and such a diminution has, it is asserted, received the KING's approbation. The species of force to be dispensed with is not mentioned. The reductions in the Ordnance department are said to be in train. Respecting those of the Navy, nothing certain is known. If we say that these measures are the result of necessity with Ministers, we must further explain what kind of necessity we mean. It is not exclusively and entirely the necessity which arises from the impoverished state of the nation, and its inability to maintain the present rate of expenditure: such a necessity as this, though severe enough, would have been broken through, and the people yet further distressed. The necessity under which Ministers now act in their reductions is the necessity of obeying those whom they cannot lead; for, can any man show any just cause why the reductions, which it is said are to take place next year, might not have been made in the present year, last year, or the year before? Indeed, we would not suggest motives for stopping the humane measures now said to be in the unwilling contemplation of Ministers: but it is most remarkable, that after having maintained an immense military establishment during six years of perfect peace, they are now forced to diminish it, at the very moment when fresh wars are menaced on the Continent: and this is precisely what we foretold—that if they continued gradually wearing the nation down by a vast army during peace, it would not be able to take or maintain its proper position among the states of Europe at the opening of fresh contests. We do not mean to say that we should necessarily intermingle ourselves in the disputes between Russia and Turkey, but it is obvious that we have a very important interest in the issue of those disputes; and if Russia were not disposed to pay too great attention to our mediation under any circumstances, with what contempt will she receive it when she learns that we are so enfeebled by carrying on an expensive peace for six years, that we are obliged to lay down our army at the very moment when we want it most to give effect to our representations? Had our affairs been under the direction of such counsels as ordinarily conduct the affairs of states, we should, at the conclusion of the last peace, have placed our establishments upon a peace footing. The nation would have been relieved and at ease by this time.

We suppose that the reliance of some of the Ministers' most ardent, that is to say, most interested friends, will be shaken, since it is now known that the KING manoeuvred to get them out, only requiring that their successors should carry on the process against the QUEEN: for it is clear from this essay of his MAJESTY to liberate himself from the trammels of his own servants, that

he must think their opponents more capable of directing the counsels of the nation beneficially, if he could but get at them. There must be great confidence between the Sovereign and his Ministers after the detection of an outgoing of this kind!—*Times*.

Air Balloon.—*Second Ascent of Mr. Green.*—This gentleman, who, it will be recollected, made his first aeronautic excursion from the Green-park on the day of his Majesty's coronation, gratified the public with a second ascent yesterday (Aug. 1). The place chosen for the departure of the balloon on this occasion was the Belvedere tea-gardens, Pentonville. These gardens were fitted up in good style for the accommodation of such as wished to see the inflation of the balloon, and who chose to pay five shillings for the gratification of their curiosity. The numbers in attendance within the gardens were considerable. The crowd in the adjacent grounds, streets, and avenues, from which a view could be commanded, was one of the greatest which we have witnessed for some time. One o'clock was generally understood as the hour at which the balloon would be let off; and long before that hour every avenue and eminence in the vicinity of the gardens were quite thronged with spectators of all classes and descriptions. The road, in front of the gardens was literally choked up with barouches, glass and hackney-coaches, waggons, and carts of all sorts, whose owners profited very considerably by the anxious desire of hundreds to witness the ascent, without danger of pressure from the crowd. Sums from 6d. to 2s. were paid for seats in and upon these vehicles, according to their proximity to, or distance from the scene of action. The filling of the balloon began at an early hour, and it was (as it appeared to us) sufficiently inflated by a little after two. The gas used on this occasion was the common carburetted hydrogen, (that used in lighting the streets.) Before the filling was complete, a small pilot balloon was let off: it took a direction east by north, and was soon out of sight. Soon after this, two carrier pigeons were thrown up, each with a paper fastened to it. They went off in nearly the same direction as the pilot balloon; but their particular destination, or the object of their mission, we did not learn. About half an hour before Mr. Green got into the car, a second pilot balloon was sent up. It took a direction a little more to the east than the former. At about half past 3 the car having been fixed, and every thing ready, Mr. Green stepped into it, apparently in excellent spirits, and with the manifest confidence of a man who perfectly understood the management of the precarious vehicle to which it was appended. It was announced in the bills that Mr. Green was to be accompanied in his aerial voyage, by his friend Mr. Handy; that gentleman, however, did not go up. The cause, as we were informed, was a kind of nervous affection, with which he was seized yesterday morning, and which induced him to decline the daring attempt. As soon as Mr. Green had arranged himself in the car, the cords were cut away, and the balloon rose in a grand and majestic manner, amidst the shouts of the almost countless multitude. The ascent was not so rapid, nor accompanied with such a swinging motion of the car, as we noticed on the last occasion. Mr. Green stood in the car as it rose, and kept waving his flag for a very considerable time. The direction of the balloon was more easterly (as it appeared to us) than either of the pilot balloons. The rapidity of its motion increased considerably as it rose, until it came to a height in which its apparent size was diminished about two thirds. It then appeared quite stationary for some seconds. The intrepid aeronaut, however, soon accelerated its motion by throwing out two bags of sand. The descent of the sand was quite visible, and appeared in the rays of the sun like white smoke. The balloon continued to ascend rapidly for a few seconds longer, when its motion became suddenly altered, and it seemed as if it had got into a current of air, driving from east to west. We were prevented from ascertaining correctly whether this was the fact, by the entrance of the balloon into a dense cloud, which completely obscured it from our view, nor was it again seen by any who remained in the vicinity from which it ascended. We were told that it was the intention of Mr. Green to descend, if circumstances permitted, at some place in Essex; and that he expected to be able to return to town last

night, in sufficient time to join a party of friends at supper. In the early part of the day an accident occurred by the giving way of some iron railings in the neighbourhood of the Belvedere-tavern, to which a great crowd of young persons had held. Several were severely hurt, and one infant in its mother's arms so badly wounded in the head that it was not expected to live an hour. The balloon descended at Barking, within half an hour after its ascent. No accident happened either to Mr. Green or his aerial vehicle.—*Morning Chronicle*.

Editor of John Bull.—To some people a "dead enemy smells sweet." What a nosegay to the nostrils of Mr. —, the death of Bonaparte! This gentleman—the supposed Editor of *John Bull*—if he is belied, he has no great injustice done him, "peradventure he is accountable for as great a fault,"—when Napoleon was supposed to be hiding himself at some sea-port in France, after the battle of Waterloo, magnanimously proposed in a Ministerial circle, that a party of British sailors should be employed in disguise to seize him—with orders to take him "dead if possible, at any rate to take him." Is it any breach of charity to wish old Beelzebub would fly away with this fellow—alive if possible?

Drury-Lane Theatre.—*A fac simile*, as far as the limits of the stage would allow it, of that which has not been unaptly denominated "the one-eyed coronation"—

"*Monstrum horrendum informe, cui lumen ademptum*," was last night (Aug. 1) produced at this theatre. To those who are fond of pomp and pageantry, and who had not an opportunity of seeing the original, this spectacle will afford considerable pleasure. It has been got up with great cost and care. Due attention has been paid to the costume of the different classes who march in procession, from the Yeoman of the Guard to the Royal Duke, and every ceremony incidental to the coronation has been faithfully preserved. The spectacle opens with a view of the central pavilion—the platform on which the procession moves, in front—and in the back-ground are seen the spire of St. Margaret's church, and a part of Westminster-abbey. The representatives of Miss Fellowes, and her six attendants, move along the platform, which they strew with flowers. They are followed by a series of "Knights, and Dukes, and Barons hold," each in his proper habiliment. So inveterately correct has the manager been, that the Marquis of Londonderry is made to appear as conspicuous on the stage, as he was when proceeding along the platform at the coronation. The representative of his lordship was received with great applause; which we apprehend, was extorted by the costliness of his robes, rather than by any veneration in which his lordship's character is held by the public. Different pieces of music were performed while the procession moved "its slow length along;" some of them by no means appropriate to the character of those who were passing. The Bishops, for instance, marched to a sort of jig tune; and Mozart's air of "*Non piu andrai*" marked the approach of the Judges. The second scene represented the interior of Westminster-abbey; and here his Majesty, who was represented by Mr. Elliston, the monarch of the theatre, went through all the coronation *formula*, amidst the plaudits of the audience, who assisted, somewhat discordantly, in performing the anthem of "Long live the King! may the King live for ever!" Westminster-hall, lighted up for the banquet, forms the last scene; and a most splendid scene it is in every point of view. Whether we consider the manner in which it is painted, the brilliancy with which it is illuminated, or the elegance with which the tables are decorated, it strikes us as being one of the most superb scenes ever exhibited in a theatre. The Champion, attended by the Lord High Constable and the Lord High Steward, each mounted on a "barbed steed," and preceded by heralds and men at arms, prances across a platform, raised in the middle of the pit; and performs on the stage all the ceremonies connected with the challenge. This formed the most pleasing part of the spectacle: the horses were richly caparisoned, and went through the evolutions allotted to them with great dexterity. The spectacle concluded with the national air of "God save the King," which was executed very effectively.—*Star*.

Selections.

FROM POEMS BY CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSEND.

THE POET'S PASSION.

O think not, soul of warlike fire,
That Glory thee alone hath beckon'd,
That thou, whom Honor's dreams inspire,
Most years of future fame hast reckon'd!
There is an ardor fiercer far
Than all thy dreams, or deeds of war.

O think not, thou, who high would'st climb
To greet Dominion's rising sun,
Thy visions are the most sublime,
That ever yet the fancy won!
There is a prouder, loftier hope,
That towers above thy daring scope.

O think not, thou, whose gold is hoarded,
Whose bags with crowded treasure burst,
That Nature has to thee afforded
The eager soul's intensest thirst!
There is an avarice, far beyond
Thine aim most grasping—wish most fond.

O dream not thou, whose every vein
Is throbbing wild with fever'd love,
That mad delight, that pleasing pain
All other tumults soar above!
There is a passion, which can thrill
The soul with transport wilder still.

Warrior, chief, miser, lover—all,
Come, bow your souls before the Bard!
For present recompense ye call,
He for the future's high reward:
As sculpture cold, your fame survives,
While his, like painting, breathes and lives.

To conquer with persuasive arts,
When, soldier, all thy laurels wither,
To build an empire over hearts,
When king and empire sink together,
To seize on Fame's enduring ore,
When spendthrifts waste the miser's store;

These are the aims—the hopes—the thirst—
Which thro' the Bard's wild bosom shiver,
In secret born, in silence nursed,
But, oh! more deep than silent river!
And fraught with raptures far above
The hopes—the fears—the bliss of love.

STANZAS.

When Death shall bid that heart be still,
Which beat too warmly, for its peace,
And give this spirit, worn with ill,
Its long-delay'd—its wish'd release,
O think not that the love shall cease,
Which glow'd throughout this earthly scene,
Which ev'n Despair could not decrease,
Nor make me wish it ne'er had been!

Yes, they may tear thee from me now,
But then thou shalt again be mine—
Mine by each tie—each holiest vow
Which Faith can breathe, or Love can twine.
As swift as sever'd streams combine,
Their parting barrier roll'd away,
My kindred soul shall blend with thine,
When broken from its bonds of clay.

By day, when danger round thee teems,
I'll warn thee of the peril near,
By night, I'll whisper to thy dreams,
And guard thy slumbers well from fear;
And breathe such music in thine ear,
As soothes the sainted, when they die,
Or, rob'd in radiant light, appear
In visions to thine inward eye.

But should'st thou first, by God's high will,
Be taken from this world of woe,
No fear the fatal shaft should kill,
I sink beneath the self-same blow;
As trees, that cannot meet below,
Will intertwine their bough above,
On high our deathless souls shall know
The union of immortal love.

TO POETRY.

In life's dark passage, there are hours
When all, that once seem'd brightly ours,
Hope, joy, love, wit's creative powers,
Seem fled and gone:
When friends seems all estranged, or lost,
Each fair occasion rudely crost,
And we cast forth on fortune's coast,
All—all alone!

In such a mood, I now pursue
The desert path, that on my view
Extends; and wilt thou leave me too,
Loved Poetry?
I feel thy inspiration glow
More faintly, thro' the chill of woe,
Wilt thou, my only friend below—
O! wilt thou fly?

Art thou, too, as the faithless things,
That fleet on sickle pleasure's wings;
Art thou a bird, that only sings
In greenest bowers;
And, ere the milder seasons fail,
Flies, like the timorous nightingale,
Who only charms the listening vale
In vernal hours?

Oh! I believ'd thou wert the friend,
Who would my weary steps attend
Ev'n till they falter'd to the end
Of life's dull plain;
That thou wouldst teach me still to speak
Woes, which, unspoken, would but break
The heart, too early taught to ache
In silent pain.

The wreaths of Fame I will resign,
Which once I deem'd thy hand might twine,
A cypress garland, dark as mine,
Sorts not with bay:
Alas! the heart must be at ease,
And pleased itself, that hopes to please;
Or Fancy's lively visions seize
In bright array.

But gentle soother of my pain,
Thou must not leave me, tho' my strain,
In unregarded notes, complain
To me, alone:
Tho' Sorrow all thy themes supply,
Till, spent each vital energy
With me thy mournful numbers die,
Like me, unknown!

MISCELLANEOUS.

—437—

Another Version of Filicaja.

Oh, Italy, thy direful Fates oppress
A land whose only crime is loveliness;
Sad fated dowry of eternal woe,
From whence thy varied sorrows ever flow:
Ah! that less lovely, or at least more strong,
Either to tempt, or stem th' oppressor's wrong;
Thy potent arm might then the foe withstand,
Nor smiling plains invite the spoiler's hand.
No more should Alps their hostile torrents pour.
Nor Adige streams be strain'd with crimson gore—
No Goths should roam Po's fertile shores along,
Nor Mantua hear the harsh barbarian tongue;
Nor should we see thy fiery sons in arms,
For thy oppressors urged to wars alarms—
In every danger foremost of the brave,
Victor or vanquished, thou alike the slave.

Speech of M. Chateaubriand on the French Press

Mr. de Chateaubriand spoke on the second article of the project of law relative to the journals and periodical writings. "The amendment," he said, "adopted by the Chamber of Deputies, is really not an amendment: it is an additional article and now in fact forms the second article of the law. It is a law introduced into a law, or rather a proposition of law which might become law by following the forms to which such propositions are subject, but which being transformed into an amendment, violates the royal prerogative.

"When this amendment was brought forward without previous consideration, was its effect fully understood? It embraces in its consequences the whole system of literature, of the sciences, and arts. It will be necessary for the government to multiply censors *ad infinitum*, and these censors must be competent to decide in the cases in which they are appointed to judge. I suppress the reflections which crowd upon me from an apprehension of being too severe. I will content myself with saying that we ought to avoid falling by the censorship into errors which are become an object of triumph to the enemies of religion. If there should arise a Copernicus or a Galileo, let us not permit a censor with one stroke of his pen to plunge into oblivion a secret which the genius of man had derived from the omniscience of God.

"Besides, this amendment, of which government did not declare the necessity, goes directly against its object. The amendment bears 'that the dispositions of the said law of the 31st of March, 1820, except in so far as regards securities, shall apply in future to all the journals,' &c. Thus there is to be a class of journals which, though subjected to the censorship, is to be exempt from securities. Why is it desired to involve these journals in the censorship? Because, though innocent in appearance they aim at the forbidden fruit. Very well: being now accused, they will range themselves among the guilty, since there is a desire to find them guilty. You have no longer that protection against the abuses of the press which you formerly sought in property: you grant a privilege to one kind of periodical print to the detriment of other periodical prints subjected to securities; and this is the more unjust, that the latter likewise treat of literature, and would have an equal right with the former to call themselves 'literary journals.' The journals without securities, having less to lose than the journals obliged to give securities, will express themselves with more independence; their boldness will constitute their success; they will thus procure subscribers, they will ruin the other class of rival publications, and licentiousness will return by the amendment intended to repress it.

And let it not be said, that the journals, literary in law but political in fact, which are exempted from the censorship, enjoy a much greater privilege, or do a much more serious injury to political journals, than they will able to do when subjected to the trammels of the censorship. The proposed amendment has deprived the objection of its force. The same amendment has awakened the public attention, and excited the cupidity of literary adventurers. It has brought from the shade a journal which would have perished in the shade: it had determined that which it would have been far from leaving vague. Such works could never explain themselves with the clearness that is injurious. Their authors in advancing out of a certain obscurity, would have been afraid of seeing their works declared political, and subjected as such to the law of the journals. As the law will now stand, what can restrain them? The amendment has created the class, determined the species, it remains decided that a journal with a literary title may be political, but that this literary title exempts it from the necessity of finding securities, and that thus it may possess a privilege ruinous to journals subjected to security.

"You see that neither talent, nor virtue, nor the most upright and monarchical intentions, are always a check on the proposition of incon-

siderate amendments. I will admit that the journal intended to be particularly included (the *Mirror*) is of a nature to cause impatience; but laws ought not to be made in a fit of impatience. I wished to read that journal; it is a collection of satires of more or less ingenuity, the greatest evil of which is to create enemies to the liberty of the press, and to put to the proof the generosity of its defenders.

"I at first hesitated to lay open before you the radical vice of this amendment. I was afraid of being taken at my word and of seeing the evil gain a complete ascendancy by the disappearance of the words 'except in so far as regards securities.' But as, on one hand, it is impossible to exact securities from journals devoted to the sciences and arts, without at least retrograding to the 10th century; and as, on the other, it is impossible to classify literary journals which may make incursions into politics; so it may be concluded that the amendment is inadmissible, and that the best way of dealing with it would be to reject it.

"The memorial addressed to the Chamber in the form of a petition shows to what extent the amendment which I oppose is injurious to the sciences and destructive of the bookselling trade. The literary journals affected by this amendment, have not only their own particular interests to support, but they have in their power the success of a great number of works and undertakings which can only be known through their medium. If you retard, if you shackle these periodical prints by the censorship, you may ruin a multitude of printers, of booksellers, and retail dealers of all sorts, and reduce many workmen to die of hunger. The bookselling trade of Paris throws a sufficient weight into the scale of commerce to deserve some consideration.

"They tell us that great lenity will be shown to the journals really devoted to science, and that the weight of the censorship will in such cases scarcely be felt. Then arbitrary power will be employed in an arbitrary law, and according to the caprice of subalterns who may protect or not protect a journal, that journal shall be liable to or exempt from the censorship.

"But I am stating an error. The law pronouncing the censorship for all the journals indiscriminately allows no discretion to the authorities to exempt any particular one from its operation.

"I have already spoken to you of the censors. I have said that it will be necessary to increase their number, and consequently to augment the expences of the state: but this is not all. The former system of the censorship must be renounced. A council will not now answer the purpose. Every journal of science must have its own censor competent to decide on the subject of which it treats. Will they increase the number of the council? Will the council be divided into different sections—one for fashions, and another for astronomy; one for spectacles, and another for French industry? If this body do not become ridiculous, it must become formidable.

"Consider the incongruities of our legislation on the press. We have two classes of political journals under the censorship—the one with security, the other without. Then we have all sorts of pamphlets, all sorts of books, which often attack society, but which are not subjected to the censorship. On one hand our repressive laws appear to us to have sufficient force to protect religion, the throne, public morals, and individual reputation: on the other, they do not appear strong enough for the daily interests of some men.

"Eternal truths come to demand justice from those tribunals before which human errors disdain to appear.

"It is high time to enter into common rules, and to renounce those laws of exemption which expose the ministry to all sorts of attacks and calumnies.

"If we have lost one prince, has not another been born to us? If you thought proper to establish the censorship to satisfy the public sorrow—if you have buried our liberties in the tomb of the father, let our joy find them in the cradle of the son. Under an enlightened monarch to whom literature would present its brightest crown, if he did not, for our happiness, wear that of his fathers, let it not be said that the most noble of arts has been outraged. In an age sparkling with the glory of our arms, let us not place shackles on that other glory which transmits to posterity their illustrious deeds.

"There are three things which alone can ensure the repose of France, and which ought never to be separated—namely, religion, the throne, and the public liberties. I vote against the amendment, and the whole law."

EUROPE BIRTHS.

At Castlecraig, on the 27th of July, the Lady of the Hon. W. J. Napier, of a son.

On the 20th of July, the Lady of G. H. Freeling, Esq. of the General Post Office, London, of a daughter.

On the 23rd of July, Mrs. Irvine, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

Productive Labour—Malthus and Ricardo.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

Two boys have two hours' leisure. One plants a cabbage, the other plays at ducks and drakes. A cabbage is produced from the labour of the one—nothing comes of the labour of the other. The one is the producer, the other the unproductive labourer of Adam Smith.

If all the men, women and children, in the nation, were employed in planting cabbages, the country would become rich in cabbages: if they were all employed in making ducks and drakes, the country would be rich in nothing.

If half the population planted cabbages, and the other half made ducks and drakes—the country would be just half as rich in cabbages, as it would be if the whole of the population were employed in producing them—other circumstances being equal.

(Lest any person should suppose the above proposition too simple and self-evident to require illustration,—let it be observed that many classical scholars do not understand it—that many more never heard of it as connected with political economy—and that a greater number still) make a point of overlooking it in most important political speculations.

It follows from the above principle, that a nation is rich or poor—taking produce to signify riches—in the proportion in which its population has been employed in productive or unproductive labour.

It follows also, that any measure which increases the number of productive labourers, and diminishes the number of unproductive ones, must increase the products or wealth of the nation. And *vice versa*.

It follows also, that all improvements in machinery, which increase production, advance the national wealth.

Thus far all economists will go with me. But some will say—"Is production indeed wealth?" "May not products be multiplied beyond the demand—and become, not *wealth* but *lumber*?" Or, to carry on the allusion we started with, "might not the nation grow more cabbages than would be wanted—till they lost the very nature of wealth by their abundance, and became as useless as the ducks and drakes of the school-boy?" In answering these and similar inquiries, we shall, if I mistake not, touch the point of dispute between Malthus and Ricardo.

Mr. Malthus says, that production may take place beyond demand—markets may be glutted, warehouses full, and trade stagnant; and that this may be *permanently* the case. He must be understood to mean *permanently*; otherwise he would contend without an antagonist; as every one knows that a contingency of such a nature may occasionally occur amidst the fluctuations of trade. He says the cabbage market may be permanently glutted.

Mr. Ricardo, on the contrary, affirms, and with him the French Economist, Mons. Say, that a universal glut cannot take place, as *production ensures demand*. He says, the supply of cabbages ensures the demand for cabbages.

Now it appears to me, that these two gentlemen, whose rival theories upon this topic have recently excited so much attention are both right and both wrong. And this I will proceed to shew.

We must certainly allow, with Mr. Malthus, that a universal glut of commodities is *physically possible*. Men certainly may, if they please, grow cabbages to excess. Their volitions are free, and the plant is sufficiently prolific to admit of an indefinite increase with which no effective demand could keep pace. It is therefore, beyond all doubt within the limits of *physical possibility* to glut the cabbage market; and so far Mr. Malthus is right.

And, on the other hand, Mr. Ricardo is certainly wrong in stating that *production ensures demand*, if we are to understand the words in their ordinary and literal signification. The mere presence of a multitude of cabbages does not of itself, apart from other considerations, produce a desire to possess these cabbages. On the contrary, the very commonness of an object abates the desire to possess it, in a multitude of cases. In the countries where the precious metals are found in abundance, they are proportionably undervalued by the natives; and the richest beds of ore remained for ages unheeded and unappropriated, till other causes than those of mere production gave them a new and unlooked-for value. In the back settlements of America, where immense tracts of country are occupied by impervious forests, it is not found by the patient, though almost despairing adventurers, who have undertaken the melancholy task of clearing the wilderness, that the production of timber creates a demand for timber. The same thing obtains with regard to all commodities. The mere production of stockings or Manchester goods will no more of itself ensure a demand for those articles, than the manufac-

ture of a thousand coffins will induce a thousand individuals to die, in order to occupy them. *Production alone*, therefore, assuredly will not ensure demand.

Hitherto we have found Mr. Malthus right and Mr. Ricardo wrong. It remains to be seen in what sense Mr. Malthus is wrong, and Mr. Ricardo right. In discovering this, I am not without hope of detecting the principle by which their rival speculations, so far as the system of each is true, may be reconciled with each other.

Mr. Malthus states, as we have seen, that a permanent universal glut of commodities is a possible case. I have admitted such a case to be *physically possible*; I shall now proceed to shew it to be *morally impossible*. The paradoxical air of this expression will be pardoned, as it will vanish when I specify more particularly the sense in which it is to be understood.

A *permanent universal glut* of the commodities in the production of which human labour is concerned, I assert to be *morally impossible*, as it would be incompatible with a universal law of our moral nature. That law is, that *no human being labours without an object*. The boy who plants a cabbage, does it in the hope of possessing it when grown, or of exchanging it for some other object of desire, in the way of commerce or barter. Although, therefore, it is *physically possible* for the population of any country permanently to grow an excess of cabbages, it is *morally impossible* that they ever should do so; as each individual of the mass, being animated in his separate effort of production by the motive of enjoyment or exchange, at some future day, would decline making that effort when the excess of production rendered the object contemplated no longer attainable. Here also the rule holds with reference to all commodities. The manufacturer of Manchester or Nottingham—the miner of Cornwall or Peru—the pearl fisher of the Persian gulph—the fur-factor of Hudson's Bay—and the hardy whaler, who guides his adventurous skiff within the very precincts of the polar circle in pursuit of the monsters of the deep—all collect and prepare their respective commodities with reference to enjoyment or exchange; and if the market were glutted they would no longer pursue their no-longer-profitable occupations. The cessation of production would immediately operate to remove the glut complained of; the permanence of which, so long as the laws of our moral nature remain unreppealed, I venture to pronounce a *moral impossibility*. Mr. Malthus, then, is wrong in supposing such a thing possible on the whole.

Mr. Ricardo, on the other hand, is indisputably right in so much of his theory as denies this possibility. And as this matter of fact is by far the most important part of his system, we may safely consider him as having on the whole the advantage on this point of the controversy. It is not true, indeed, as appears above, that production of itself insures demand, and Mr. Ricardo and Mons. Say appear to me have been singularly unfortunate in some of their expressions upon this topic, and consequently to have laid themselves open to the censure of Mr. Malthus, while they have indirectly afforded countenance to his *more important error*. But it is nevertheless true, that, on general principles, and in the larger cycles of time, production and demand go hand in hand with each other, their mutual adjustment and correspondence being provided for in the very constitution of human nature itself.

This view of production, as necessarily regulated by the principles of human nature, settles at once many of the critical controversies which have been agitated respecting the definition of wealth, and gives the final answer in the affirmative to our first question—"Is production indeed wealth?" And, it affords at the same time an important lesson to Legislators, leading them to the practical conclusion, that any measure which proposes so important an object as even the increase of *productive*, and the decrease of *unproductive* labourers, must leave private industry unshackled, and the public markets free. To attempt to force productive industry would be a solecism indeed in economicalscheming, for it would be a direct interference with that principle of self-adjustment, in consequence of which alone that industry is the wealth, and is the national benefit which I have described it to be. It would be to enact the perpetual growth of cabbages after their multiplication beyond the point of the demand had rendered them a universal nuisance.

All, therefore, that the Legislature can do in this great business, is to remove unnecessary and inconvenient obstructions—to diminish the unprofitable labourers of Courts and Camps, and Offices and Parliaments—to reform silently and safely the illusive and injurious system which has so long diverted the wealth of the nation from those channels in which it would of itself naturally and healthfully flow, and *en rest, laisser nous faire*.

Should these observations be deemed worthy of your attention, I may perhaps hereafter trouble you with some further remarks on those points of political economy, peculiarly applicable to the present state of our commercial and financial interests.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
London, July 31, 1821.

COMES,

Society to Defend the Liberty of the Press.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir,

Several persons of rank and opulence, styling themselves "The Constitutional Association for opposing the Progress of Disloyal and Seditious Principles," have publicly avowed a design of restricting political discussion, and have already instituted various prosecutions for alleged political libels. It becomes, therefore, the duty of all who value the freedom of the press, to unite in defence of that great safeguard of our rights and liberties.

A shackled press is the sure token of bondage. The Censorship established in France under the auspices of her Cossack conquerors, remains a permanent badge of defeat and humiliation; but shall we, on whom the Barbarians of the North have not yet inflicted a Sovereign—shall we submit to a Censorship of a still more odious description? A Censorship, not exercised by a responsible officer, whose interest it is to discharge his task with coolness and caution, but by a hand of self-elected, irresponsible zealots, acting under the excitement of party prejudice and stimulus which some of them on former occasions have found too potent for their discretion. His Grace the Duke of Newcastle is a principal subscriber to the Association, and of course a person likely to influence its proceedings: but can we be deemed a competent judge of what is, or is not, fair discussion, who suffered party feeling to carry him so far as to vote for degrading and divorcing his Queen without having heard her defence?

It may be said, the final appeal is not to the "fiery Duke," but to a dispassionate Jury. Be it so—but the expense of even a successful appeal, if frequently repeated, will ruin a man in humble circumstances as effectually as a verdict against him.

In short, a phalanx of rich alarmists and tax-eaters combined, may easily silence any Journals that displease them, unless the parties conducting them are supported by the public spirit of their fellow freemen.

It remains to be ascertained, whether that spirit is extinct?—whether we shall be content to read nothing except what has the imprimatur of Sir John Sewell? Whether we shall sink into slavery as tamely and basely as the despised Italians? Unless we mean to crouch at the feet of this Holy Alliance in miniature, it is time to stand up and face it. Let an Association be formed to defend the Press—a Committee be appointed to select cases deserving of the public protection—and let a Subscription be immediately raised; it cannot fail to be highly productive when subscriptions are promoted in favour of individuals. A diversity of opinions may arise on the propriety of the measure, but no one, who deserves the name of Briton, can hesitate respecting the claim of the Press to be protected against the aggression of an insolent Oligarchy.

I trust these brief remarks will arouse the public attention to a subject of so much importance. If we look quietly on, while the Six Acts are administered in their full rigour by a Regiment of Volunteer Attorney-Generals, we shall have small reason to sueer at the pusillanimity of the Neapolitans and Piedmontese.

Aug. 1, 1821.

AN ENGLISH FREEHOLDER.

Death of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The accounts which have arrived since our last paper from St Helena, supply many very interesting particulars respecting NAPOLEON's last hours, and the sensations which that event produced among his attendants, and the islanders at large. It appears that He contemplated death for some time previous, with the greatest calmness, and felt it to be so inevitable, that he expressed his confirmed want of faith in any medical aid,—though still submitting himself with great modesty and good temper to the will of the physicians. He displayed throughout the resolute determination which marked his whole life, as well as the patience which adversity and solitude had engrafted upon resolution. He spoke little; and though he calmly described the nature of the pain he suffered (which indeed by all accounts must have been excessive) he never complained. He had the bust of his son placed in his sight for several days before he died, frequently mentioned the child's name, and as his voice grew feeble, uttered it indistinctly among his latest words. All the letter-writers concur in describing his countenance after death as extremely handsome and fascinating. We should have guessed so: the master-passion had been conquered by suffering and patient reflection; and the amiable qualities of his heart—the qualities which, even when obscured, procured him so much personal attachment—shone forth in all their brightness and purity. This narrative is very touching: it makes us think with bitter regret of the wrong direction which a military education gave, or largely contributed to give, to a mind so richly endowed. The friends and admirers of the illustrious deceased will be particularly affected by these incidents: indeed they must be excessively hardened by inveterate prejudice and political hatred, whose human

sympathies are not called forth by the contemplation of such a death, so still, so solemn, so distant, produced by such long and acute suffering, and borne with such dignified fortitude. The old raving abusers of the Emperor of the French, we see, now come out with the reluctant paltry compliment,—that "he died rather heroically than otherwise!" And then they pride themselves on such magnanimous treatment of a departed foe!

NAPOLEON was buried on the 9th of May, with high military honours—(the gaslers affected great loftiness of soul, when they could no longer mortify the man himself!)—and he was interred in a little sequestered valley called Hut's Gate, which he had long fixed upon for his grave, in case of his dying on the rock. The vein of romance in his character which had been indicated before, was here displayed in a very pleasing as well as prominent manner. It cannot fail to add to the affectionate admiration of the world. The persons present appear to have been much struck with the awful spectacle of the solemn procession which conducted to a remote grave in so quiet a manner the body of one for whose spirit all Europe was once not spacious enough.

The faithful friends who had the satisfaction of attending their fallen Sovereign in his exile, were severely afflicted, as would be expected, at the event. They had watched him daily for six years and a half: they had sympathised with his solitude—had shared the wretched insults and privations which a mean and cowardly revenge had inflicted—had observed the active longings of his mind gradually subdued by time and patient thoughtfulness—and had enjoyed more and more fondly the natural good temper and gentler virtues which adversity developed. Madame BERTRAND is described in particular as exhibiting ardent attachment and passionate sorrow. The Ex-Emperor has been very generous and at the same time delicate and thoughtful in his legacies.

Differences of opinion continue in regard to the cause of BONAPARTE's death, which seems likely to remain a moot point for some time with the profession. Several strange circumstances have been remarked upon, connected with this subject; one of them is the non-appearance of Professor ANTONMARCHI's name among the signatures to the official Report of the Surgeons after the dissection,—an omission which none of the accounts attempt to explain. The natural conjecture is, that the Professor differed in opinion from the others; if so, as he was a very clever man, and had such advantages of observation and previous knowledge of the patient,—that would tend greatly to throw doubt on their "report of appearances." The notion of "hereditary cancer" seems to be sinking under the ridicule it has excited; and it has certainly got no credit from the conscious eagerness of the ministerial writers to have it believed. Mr. O'MEARA pleasantly observes, in a commentary on the accounts, that "it is only surprising these persons have not followed it up by a calculation how many years may elapse before the stomach of young NAPOLEON is to enter upon its paternal inheritance." The same gentleman—(who, as our readers doubtless remember, served NAPOLEON with a warm-hearted zeal, and was dismissed, insulted, and banished from the island, because he most honourably resisted the low attempts of the Governor to make him a spy on his noble patient)—gives various medical reasons for thinking the official Report quite in error. He denies, among other things, that a cancer, which is a lingering disease, could make such havoc in the stomach as that Report describes in the space of seven weeks and one day. But might not the disease have made great though gradual progress, before it brought the sufferer to prostrate illness? We are not surgeons enough to pronounce; but perhaps Mr. O'MEARA would contend, that a cancer in so susceptible a place as the stomach could not have come to within a few weeks of a fatal termination, without giving unequivocal symptoms of its existence. We should like to see his matter cleared up, for obvious reasons.

We conclude these desultory remarks with a passage from Mr. O'MEARA's letter, in which he beats down with manly strength the miserable attempt to lay BONAPARTE's death exclusively to the account of inevitable disease, and likewise vindicates the spirit and consistency with which he has never failed to protest against the treatment of the lion-hearted Prisoner:—

"I do not assert positively the proximate cause of the death of Napoleon; that can only be known with certainty to the Almighty Disposer of all life and death; but I assert, unhesitatingly that it was hastened by the treatment he experienced—by his transportation to a tropical climate—by the petty vexations inflicted in his imprisonment—by the numberless minute and studied mortifications, which none but a mind like his could have endured, and at length by that derangement of the digestive organs which mental anxiety invariably produces. Such is my opinion, not originating in the indignation of the moment, but formed and deliberated long ago, and delivered by me in language not to be misunderstood, at two different periods of Napoleon's detention. I told his Majesty's Ministers, emphatically, that if the same treatment was continued "his premature death" might not be so immediate, but was quite as inevitable as if it had taken place under the hands of the "executioner." To these documents, I now direct the eyes of Europe, as

the testimonies of my judgment, and to the secret I point, for the accuracy with which it was formed."

Enough.—Mr. O'MEARA, amid all the sneers and abuse of conscious injustice, will ever have the gratification of feeling, that he at least has done something towards averting from the English people the odium which posterity will attach to the unwarrantable detention and the consequent lingering death of the greatest man of the age.

Sketches of the Living Poets.

REVEREND W. L. BOWLES.

The intention of this series of articles is, literally, to give sketches of the principal features of the living poets, as an artist might sketch those of their faces. We may be led away to do more; but we are not yet well enough to speculate upon it. Our wood-cuts and our paper-cuts are just meant to be worthy of each other.—With respect to the former, we give them only where we can feel assured of the likeness. There is none, for instance, to the article before us; but one will appear to the next; and so on, as it happens, through the whole series. If we do not notice the living poetesses, Miss Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, &c. it is not because some of them (the ladies just mentioned, for instance) are not eminent writers; but because, to say the truth, we are afraid of entering so wide and delicate a field,—so luxuriant a crop of sensitive plants; and even our list of poets must be reduced as much as possible, or the task would be enormous. We have, therefore, confined it to such names as have received the only sanction, which has a right to put a stop to a wider admission;—we criticise none but those, whose publications would excite an unequivocal curiosity among the lovers of poetry, as soon as they appeared.

To begin then, with proper alphabetical wisdom, at the letter B; and as the French would say, at the interesting Bowles.—Mr. Bowles is the son of a clergyman of a Wiltshire family, by a daughter of Dr. Grey, author of *Memoria Technica*. A late Memoir of him, though written upon a very comports principle, has not been able to tell us the date of his birth, but in 1776 he was sent to Winchester school under Dr. Warton, the critic on Pope; and afterwards went to Trinity College under the Doctor's brother Thomas, the historian of English poetry. He attracted much notice from both these ingenious men. In 1797 he married the sister of a lady, with whom he had formerly anticipated a similar union, and whose death he has lamented in his sonnets; and about 1803 was presented with the rectory of Bernhill in Wiltshire, where he has since resided. It appears, that the zeal of some dissenting preachers in his neighbourhood has excited him to laudable efforts of counteraction as a minister; and he performs his part also in the county as a magistrate. His leisure time he amuses, like Shenstone, with cultivating his garden, and sentimentalizing it with inscriptions. The engraved portrait which has appeared of Mr. Bowles is, we understand, not like him; but they say he has something better in his face; and by what we have otherwise heard of him, he appears to be an amiable man, who has no more business with controversy than the sparrow on his house top.

Mr. Bowles is a poet of that minor branch of the school of Collins and Gray, which was set up by the Wartons, and which is rather negative than positive in its departures from the artificial system which they opposed. It feels its way timidly into nature, and retains most of the common-place dressing in versification as well as fancy. Critics, partly from the natural progress of change, and more from the new track of reading into which they were led by inquiries into the old drama, had begun to feel that Pope was overrated as a poet. Collins, who was a man of genius; Gray, who had a genius reflected from Greece and Italy; and the Wartons, who may be said to have had a taste for genius, all contributed, in their several degrees, to unsettle the notion that poetry was a thing of wit and breeding about town. But the first, whose temperament was morbid and over-sensitive, was confessedly awestricken at the new world he had re-opened;—Gray, whose most original powers lay on the side of humour and the conversational, wrote exquisite centos rather than any thing else, and reminded us at least as much of the scholar as the poet;—and the Wartons took up the same cause, more like amiable disciples, accidentally and easily impressed, than masterly teachers who knew the depths of the question. To be bred up therefore in the Warton school was to become proselytes and proselyte-makers, a little too much in the spirit of young men educated at a dissenting college. There was more faith than works, and an ungenial twist to the controversial. Mr. Bowles came a little too soon. He was helped to his natural impulses by the critics, instead of to his critical by nature. It remained for the French Revolution to plough up all our common-places at once; and the minds that sprang out of the freshened soil set about their tasks in a spirit not only of difference but of hostility. But more of this when we come to speak of Mr. Wordsworth. As to poor Cowper, he stood alone, "Like to the culver on the bare drough." The same misery which rendered him original in some things, made him too feeble to be so in others. He was

alone, not because he led the way, but because he was left on the road side. His greatest claims are higher and more reverend things,—claims on another state of existence; and we trust they have been made up to him.

The reader may now guess the nature of Mr. Bowles's poetry. It is elegant and good-hearted, with a real tendency to be natural, but pulled back by timidity and a sense of the conventional. Talking much of nature, it shews more of art, and that art too more contented with itself than it might be, for one that is so critical upon art in others. No man, however, with a heart in his body, and any poetry in his head, woe's nature for nothing. Mr. Bowles's most popular publication is his Sonnets, written during various excursions which he took to relieve his mind under the loss of his first love. They were his first publication, and whatever he or others may say, they are his best. They were his first love. There are good passages scattered here and there in his other works, but even in those we think we can trace the overflowings of this earlier inspiration. The rest is pure, good-natured common-place. He had real impulses and thoughts upon him when he wrote his Sonnets. His other works rather seem to have been written, because he had a reputation for writing. He may even boast, as we believe he does, and ought, that his Sonnets connects him in some measure with the greater sources of living genius; for Mr. Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, has recorded the effect they produced upon him in youth, when we understand he and Mr. Lamb used to go spouting them up and down the cloisters of Christ's Hospital. We will quote two of them, and wish we could quote more:—

Written at Ostend, July 22, 1787.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now, along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First wak'd my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

At a Concert.

If chance some pensive stranger, hither led,
(His bosom glowing from majestic views,
The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape's hues),
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lonely bed—
'Tis poor Matilda!—To the cloister'd scene,
A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came,
To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the flame
Of fruitless love: yet was her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle;—
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend
Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
Now, far remov'd from every earthly ill,
Her woes are buried, and her heart is still.

The public have since been used to strains of "higher mood." But let many of them recollect what they once admired. Is it nothing to have written such verses as these, mixed as they may be, at a time when it was rare to express emotion so naturally? Men cannot be every thing which it would be fine in men's eyes to be. Even poets cannot add a cubit to their stature, but are such as times and circumstances, as well as nature, make them. If they have any thing at all in them of a gift so uncommon as poetry, they ought to be grateful. Petrarch expected to be admired by posterity for his Latin epic poem, and has prefaced his sonnets with an apology; yet his sonnets have been like bells for the whole earth to hear; while who knows any thing of his epic? Mr. Bowles should not trouble himself with odes and heroics, any more than with town matters and great tables. His forte, to use an Irish pun, is his piano. He belongs to quiet and the shade; and if he would write some more sonnets out of his real unsophisticated feelings, (we would not quarrel about their being legitimate as to rhyme) he might rival the best fame of the Costanzos and Casas of Italy.

Above all, being what he is, an elegant sonneteer and an amiable country Clergyman, he should never meddle with critical controversy, nor even with the morals of Pope. Though a Clergyman, he has too much good-nature to visit other men's differences in moral opinion with severity in his heart, and he should not affect to do it in public; especially when those men, whether great poets or not, we greater men than he is and quite as good. It is beneath him to put on airs as a Clergyman, which he does not affect as a man.—*Examiner*.

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—441—

Stanzas to Fanny.

Fanny! when Nature called thee into light,
The Graces, studious of the eventful hour,
Were near; and each, with smiles divinely bright,
Gave thee some token of her present power.
One shaped the ærial finger, finely skill'd
Harmoniously to animate the lyre;
One dew'd thy lip with nectar thrice distill'd,
And kindled the blue eye with heav'nly fire.
One on thy fragrant breast her cestus tied,
And threw her radiant mantle o'er thy form;
Taught thy sweet voice thro' ambient air to glide,
And with each note to breathe some nameless charm.
"Unrival'd now proceed!" the Sisters said,
"Win without toil, and conquer without art:
"And while our influence shines around thy head,
"Our finer power shall quicken in thy heart."

Dacca, November 15, 1821.

Indian News.

By the Arrival of four Vessels from China, the names of which will be found in the Shipping List, intelligence has been received from that quarter up to the end of December. A Letter addressed to us by a Passenger on one of these Ships, and sent up from Kedgerie, on Sunday, contains the following paragraph:—

"We left Macao on the 29th of December last. Serious disturbances had taken place in China, in consequence of a boat's crew of His Majesty's Ship *TOPAZE* having killed 5 or 6 Chinese at Lintin. The day previous to our departure accounts were received down at Macao, that Trade was completely stopped at Canton. Three of the Indiamen that were loaded, or nearly so, are detained; but one of them (I believe the *Winston*), was allowed to sail, to be the bearer of the News of the slaughter to the King of England, to acquaint him how his subjects were acting in China. They call the Frigate a *Pirate* and not a King's Ship of War. The Chinese were most certainly the aggressors in this case, Captain Richardson of the Frigate is determined not to deliver up a man to them. I had forgotten to mention, that several of the English Seamen were wounded in the scuffle with the Chinese. I have no time to add more, except that the Opium Trade looks very unpromising, and that indeed every thing is at a stand. The *MELOPE* is lying at Lintin, with a great quantity of Opium on board; she is however well armed, and is endeavouring to sell the drug amongst the Islands. The *EUGENIA* is still up at Whampoa, but is expected to leave daily. The nominal price of Opium is 1800 dollars."

We have seen other Letters from China, which speak more favorably of the prospect of Opium, in consequence of this affair with the *TOPAZE* Frigate being thought likely to divert the attention of the Chinese from the Opium Smugglers; it is added indeed that the Ships detained on this account had been permitted to effect sales as before. All the Letters however agree as to the price quoted in our own; so that the high prices paid for the article here, at the last Public Sale, are not likely to be realized by the exporters to the China Market. Cotton was at a very low price, being unsaleable at 8 taels, and a large stock on hand, without a prospect of much improvement. We have received a large packet of Documents from China, regarding the late suspension of the Opium Trade, with Translations of Chinese Edicts, &c. which came too late for insertion in our present Number; but we hope to be able to give the whole complete to-morrow.

It is said that Captain Richardson of the *TOPAZE*, had demanded the offending Chinese to be given up to him for punishment. This will be a trial of Chinese equity, that will enable us to see whether they will do to others as they would others should do to them. We doubt much their complying with this demand: though nothing can be fairer than meeting them thus on their own principles of retribution. If the American line of bat-

tle ship expected in the China Seas, and the *TOPAZE* were to make a simultaneous demand on the Chinese for redress of injuries, and unite their strength to enforce it, the embarrassment of the Celestial Empire would be increased; and not easily got over, without yielding to a commanding force, what they would not quietly grant to justice or good faith. We sincerely hope that something may be done which shall put a stop to the cruel and bloody policy of demanding blood for blood and life for life, whether intentional or accidental, and that the Chinese may be taught the folly of supposing that other nations will quietly submit to such barbarous revenge.

No Papers from the other Presidencies have reached us since our last. In addition to the articles given in the *JOURNAL* of yesterday, from the Native Courts, we republish the following from the *JOHN BULL*:—

Scindiah's Court, January 14, 1822.—Juswant Raoputtan's agent requested that some place should be appointed for his master, and followers, which was immediately complied with. Scindiah held a council on the marriage of Jeejee Bhae's daughter, and stated the difficulty likely to occur in bringing soon enough together the people to celebrate it from Dhar (a distance of 250 coss):—it was therefore proposed to postpone the marriage for three months—Some one advised Umajee Kaka to make a few presents in order that he might be permitted to remain, but he answered that he had nothing to do there, and would give no bribes, as he had no wish to stay. In the course of the day Scindiah was presented with Nuzurs by Patun Ghur and Josee, Secunder's brother, as well as by three *Rasuludars*, all of whom he received in the most gracious manner. (It appears that Josee Secunder expects a letter of encouragement from the Raja before he ventures into his power.) The Governor of Janssee is apprehensive that if Josee Secunder should march through his part of the country, his crops would be injured, to prevent which it is intended that he shall come through Sheerpoory—Josee Secunder's brother solicited a private audience, which was granted.—The usual supplies have been ordered for the army, and it is supposed that whenever Umajee's affairs shall be properly settled, every thing will go on well—Josee Secunder was waiting within about 10 coss of Asseerghur, in expectation of a letter to arrange matters.

Gualior, January 17.—Madorao the Maharajah's superintendent of buildings, is erecting a famous glass-house in one of the royal gardens—Masing Rao writes, that he has nothing to do with the rebellion of his own son and Hindora—and Sumbajee says, that if Scindiah will give him authority he will put every thing in the best possible order—it appears that Josee Secunder wishes Scindiah to transfer to him, the five regiments which are with Raesing—promising to make a suitable return for the same, but he refuses to give any answer till Josee Secunder comes to him. Rao Zalim Sing told Captain Tod, that his son could make up the disagreement between Maharao Kishwor Sing, and Mado Sing, but Captain Tod declined interfering in it.

Extracts from the same place, 23d January.—Josee Secunder continues to make excuses for his delay in coming to Scindiah.—His brother and Paton Ghur are to leave this in a day or two for the purpose of persuading him—should they be unsuccessful, which is likely enough to be the case, they will certainly be disgraced—it is proposed to give him the five regiments which are in Raesing's camp, on the same terms that Colonel Jansut held them—The Rajah wishes to get rid of Kanjah, but he gives him no opportunity.—Scindiah is at present wholly taken up in gaining over Josee Secunder, in expelling Kanjah, and in making preparations for the marriage of Jeejee Bhae's daughter.

Administrations to Estates.

Serjeant Theophilus Cotton, deceased—James Weir Hogg, Esq.

Mr. Lewis Vass, deceased—Mrs. Isabella Vass.

Captain John Meller, late of the Honorable Company's Bengal Military Establishment, deceased—Messrs. Charles Harry Johnson, and Charles Shaw Meller.

A New Prospectus.

But a few brief months have passed,—and the pompous promises of the Knight of Social Order, Truth, and Deceit, have vanished into air!—For the sixth time within about as many years, he has either deserted or been driven from his post, and as if he would libel by his conduct those whom he had not the courage to denounce more openly, he would seem to let the world infer that honest and honorable men owe it to their country and themselves to retire from a scene where pre-eminent virtue would only be contaminated by its necessary contact with vice. We are strongly reminded of a passage in *Cato*, which the virtuous and exemplary Patriots of the East, who may be called the Fathers of this abortive offspring, might be supposed to address to their adopted, caressed, and now pensioned Son—

Draw near, my Son—thou oft has seen
Thy sires engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction, now thou seest us
Spent—overpowered—despairing of success!
Let us advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat—the Sabine field,*
Where the great *Censor*† toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blessed
In humble virtues and a rural life ‡—
There live retired—pray for the peace of Rome,
Content thyself to be obscurely good.—
When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Be it so—and may this post of honour, and this private station be more productive of profit, fame, and benefit to himself and others than the six fruitless efforts which preceded it. The last, indeed, was ushered in with an importance sufficient to make us tremble for our fate; but though others indulged vain apprehensions of our speedy annihilation, we were tranquil and smiled at the approaching storm. The object for which this last attempt was undertaken was unequivocally avowed: but the free, the orderly, and the pious were invoked in vain; and the *JOURNAL*, which their wishes and efforts were to be united to destroy, stands at the end of the contest, on higher ground than it ever occupied before; while almost every pledge made by the retired Editor remains to this hour unredeemed. To enumerate these in detail would be needless, as they are almost all fresh in the recollection of our Readers, for it seems but a month or two since they were made. The very modest and unassuming pretensions to future fame, from the experience of the *past*, which accompanied the last Prospectus, may be repeated here, however, with advantage, for the sake of their being contrasted with the speedy abandonment of the “*GRAND POINT*,” as he termed it, to which his future labours were to be directed. The following paragraph of the Old Prospectus is worth republication:—

“Experience of his labors will best enable the public to judge of his promptitude, assiduity, and discrimination, in the MANAGEMENT of his MATERIALS, yet he may be permitted to state that his LONG ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE DUTIES OF EDITORSHIP in the Indian Metropolis, and the many testimonies of approbation that he has received, as a public writer, from individuals distinguished alike for rectitude and talent, lead him to indulge the hope, that in his present undertaking, although a MORE IMPORTANT ONE THAN HE HAS HITHERTO ATTEMPTED TO PERFORM, he will find his labors favorably estimated and patronized.”

Alas! alas!—that such valuable labours for the public good—such long acquaintance with Editorial duties—such testimonies of approbation from distinguished individuals, and such surpassingly important undertakings, should all end in vapour and smoke. Another paragraph deserves repetition,—it is this:—

* Not Captain Sabine, *Secretary* to the *Marine Expedition* to the faithless Pole, and Editor of the *NORTH GEORGIA GAZETTE* and *WINTER CHRONICLE*, lasting like the *BULL*, only one cold season.

† Not the Censor of the Indian Press.

‡ Living as Wise Gardeners, pruning their valuable trees, and revelling amidst the flowery sweets of the parterre.

“For securing credit and respectability to the performance of this important branch of duty (Private Correspondence) and to strengthen the connexion which the Editor at present possesses, particular attention shall be paid to the encouragement of regular contributions from individuals of known character, who are close AND JUDICIOUS OBSERVERS OF THINGS. It is hoped that the assistance of this nature which is now in prospect, joined to the kind offices of friends on which the Editor is inclined to place considerable reliance, will serve to ENRICH the pages of *JOHN BULL*, at no distant period, with a GREATER ABUNDANCE AND VARIETY OF INTERESTING ASIATIC INTELLIGENCE, THAN THE RESOURCES OF THE CALCUTTA PRESS HAVE BEEN HITHERTO ABLE TO FURNISH.”

Alas! we are again compelled to exclaim, that even the aid of persons of known character, and close and judicious observers of things should be so unavailing. The NO DISTANT PERIOD has at length arrived, but the treasures that were to enrich the pages of *JOHN BULL* are sought for in vain. The abundance and variety of interesting Asiatic Intelligence which was to surpass all that the Calcutta Press had ever before been able to furnish, are not to be found. Even the Spirit of the *BULL*, in which these were to be embodied, and handed down to future ages, after struggling through a few brief months of a sickly existence, supported by about a dozen Subscribers, is almost extinct. Of these promised treasurers, one might in the language of the Bard

“Where are they?”

“And Echo will answer Where are they?”

From the disappointments of the past, we turn to the new promises held out for the future. In as much as they are in a more courteous style and in a humbler tone, they deserve our respect; and with very little modification indeed we think the principles proposed are such as most Englishmen might subscribe to. We shall add in a Supplementary Note, the expressions that we would substitute, if this Prospectus were our own, and the Public will see how little difference there is betwixt us.

SECOND PROSPECTUS OF JOHN BULL IN THE EAST.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Hindoostanee Press having been lately disposed of, and the management of the *JOHN BULL* News Paper having been transferred to our care,* we think it necessary to state explicitly the principles on which it will be conducted in future, and the measures which we purpose to pursue, in order to secure for it, a continuance of the public patronage and support.

The principles we have been taught to cherish, are not new. We reverence Law,—we acknowledge usage; and we look even upon Prescription without hatred or horror. As Englishmen we are attached to the Constitution in Church and State, as it at present exists. We preserve the whole of our true British feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by disloyalty and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms. We fear God; we look up with awe to Kings; with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to priests; and with respect to nobility. Why? Because when such ideas are brought before our minds, it is natural to be so affected; because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty; and by teaching us a servile, licentious, and abandoned insolence, to be our low sport for a few holidays, to make us perfectly fit for, and justly deserving of slavery, through the whole course of our lives.†

We have thought it necessary to intimate thus much respecting the general tone and tendency of our opinions, which we have imbibed from high authority; but in truth we shall not be solicitous to trouble the public with much political contro-

* The paper indeed has been under our management from the 2d of this month.

† This is the creed of Englishmen, as given by the great Edmund Burke.

Tuesday, February 12, 1822.

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versary. In pursuance of the views which we hold respecting the proper nature and purposes of a CALCUTTA NEWS PAPER, we shall make it our business to compress into our pages as great a quantity of valuable information as possible, with very little obtrusion of our own particular notions, and very little intervention of general disquisition. We are not aware that by this forbearance, we in any degree narrow the difficulties of our undertaking. Nothing for the most part is so cheap as political reflection in a News Paper, and in the simple matter of selection and arrangement, scope will be given for the exercise of skill and judgment, very superior to any which we can hope to bring to the execution of the task.

We shall endeavour to encourage original correspondence on all subjects of real utility. This is a department which will afford to the learned and ingenious in all parts of the country, and in every department of the service, early opportunities of imparting information respecting their studies and pursuits, with observations on literary subjects; enquiries tending to elicit discussion, and intelligence on curious questions connected with ancient and modern oriental literature. By this means the state of science morals and letters abroad as well at home, may be fairly brought under review. Here however we feel it necessary to observe, that as strict impartiality will be the rule, we hope to be excused for the liberty which we may take in declining the admission of articles objectionable from their prolixity, intemperance, or the irrelevance of the matter to the design of our Paper.

With respect to the title of our Paper, we have only one word to offer. We understand, that it is not altogether approved by some of our friends, and if this be the case, we are heartily sorry for it; but we confess we do not very clearly understand the nature of the objections. The whole frame of the British Constitution according to Burke, has emanated from the simplicity of the national character, and from a sort of native plainness and directness of understanding, which has characterized those men, who have successively obtained authority in England; this disposition is represented allegorically by JOHN BULL, for "JOHN BULL is British character at large."—This is what we mean by the title:—Let the spirit of our Paper, and the title to it, be always considered together.

Thus far the Prospectus.—To this we have only to append the modification which we should make, in adopting the profession of this Political Creed as our own, which we offer in the following:

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

The principles we have learnt to cherish, are those which we consider just and honorable; and the value of which would be intrinsically the same, whether they were new or old. We owe obedience to the Laws of our country, in return for the protection they afford us: but Law, in the abstract is no further worthy of our reverence than as it is founded on Justice: whenever it departs from that, we hold it in disesteem. We acknowledge the advantage of adhering to ancient *usages* whenever they are good and useful; but for *usage* in the abstract we entertain no more regard than did any of those who have successively improved the world by departing from the *usages* of those who have gone before them. We can look on prescription without hatred or horror, whenever it is innocent: but the usage and prescription which gave virgins to feudal lords for their violation, and which placed the lives, liberties, and fortunes of the many at the mercy of the few, we shall never cease to think of without rejoicing at our superiority to those who *acknowledged* such usages to be laudable. We are attached to the Constitution in Church and State:—and desire to see a King whose whole ambition should be to promote the welfare of his kingdom and the happiness of his subjects—an Aristocracy, jealous of their country's honour, and patterns of virtue and excellence for their countrymen—a Commons that should freely, fully, and faithfully represent the people of the land—a Bench uncorrupted by hope or fear in their administration of Justice—and a Church whose sole and only aim should be to promote the spread of ge-

nuine piety, morality, and peace. We preserve the whole of our true British feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by disloyalty or infidelity. We also have *real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms**, (as who, indeed, have not?)—We love God:—we honour the office as well as the persons of all good Kings:—though we should have detested many even English ones, if we had lived under their iniquitous reigns, and tho' we cannot look up with awe either to Ferdinand of Naples or Don John of Portugal, though they are as legitimately Kings as any now reigning. We respect the acts of good and upright Parliaments, though we could not feel *affection* to ANY or EVERY Parliament that might be convened. We esteem the duty and office of Magistrates, when they are filled by integrity as well as vigilance. We reverence the Ministers of the Church, whenever they are clothed with piety as well as priestly garments; though there are thousands of *priests* for whom we could not feel any thing like respect, Mr. Hay and Mr. Blacow among the rest, though they were, no doubt, as regularly ordained as any others. We respect nobility, when it is accompanied with *noble sentiments* as well as noble titles;—though we have seen, even in noble blood, qualities which we could not respect, and which we should think degrading even to our own plebeian veins, if so foul a current flowed in them.

If our Readers ask us why? we shall not say because these sentiments are *natural*, because all others are *false* or *spurious*, because they "corrupt or vitiate our primary morals," or "teach us a servile licentious, and abandoned insolence, and fit us for nothing else but slavery"—No! but for what we consider a nobler, a truer, and a better reason,—because we deem these sentiments most consistent with the beneficent dispensations of a just and merciful Providence, who delights in the happiness of his creation; because they appear to us more calculated than any others to promote the great ends of civil and religious freedom, and all the blessings that flow from this source;—and because they are as firmly founded on reason and justice as they are conducive to the moral advancement and happiness of mankind.

This is our Political Creed.—We are not ashamed to have it closely and strictly analysed, and placed beside that with which we have so hastily compared it. As, however, we consider political freedom, and the amelioration of the institutions and the promotion of the welfare of the people among whom we live, to be objects of far greater importance to the philanthropist and the philosopher, than the most ingenious disquisitions on ancient and modern Oriental Literature, and certainly much more within the scope and province of a Newspaper, whether in India or elsewhere; we shall very gladly leave to our Contemporary the widest range for the exercise of his ingenuity and learning, and pursue, as before, the path which we have hitherto trodden; under the hope that however mistaken either of us may be in the choice we have made of our separate pursuits, we shall each have too much liberality not to desire that both may attain the reward to which the real value of their labours may respectively entitle them.

* Ossification of the heart sometimes takes place:—from this fatal disease the new Editor of the BULL is happily free as yet. So much could not however be said, perhaps, for the old one.

Marriage.

At Madras, on the 24th ultimo, at the Black Town Chapel, by the Reverend Mr. JEAFFERSON, Mr. GEORGE CORNEL, to Miss PRICE.

Deaths.

On the 10th instant, HELEN MARIA, eldest Daughter of HENRY MATHEW, Esq. aged 18 years, 2 months and 13 days, sincerely and deservedly regretted by her disconsolate parents and friends.

On the 9th instant, Mr. L. F. DELANOUGEREDE, aged 63 years and 9 months.

At Madras, on the 24th ultimo, in the 21st year of her age, SOPHIA, wife of Mr. A. LA FONTAINE, she fell a victim to the Spasmodic Cholera in the prime of life, and just on the eve of giving birth to her third child.

At Chittledroog, on the 22d ultimo, Lieutenant, and Adjutant S. W. FOX, of the 2d Battalion 14th Regiment of Native Infantry. He was an active and promising young Officer, whose loss is deeply and deservedly regretted by all his brother Officers and friends.

Sporting Intelligence.

CALCUTTA MEETING, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1822.

The Third Year of the Pellegrin Stakes of 200 Gold Mohurs each, *half forfeit*, for all Horses. Two years a feather—three, 7st. 6lbs.—four, 8st. 6lb.—five, 8st. 13lbs.—six, 9st. 3lbs.—aged, 9st. 5lbs. Horses that have won in India before 1st December, 1821, to carry 3lbs. extra, Horses that have not won and Mares allowed 3lb.—all Country-bred Horses and Arabs allowed 7lbs.—(2 Subscribers.)

	st.	lbs.	oz.
1. Mr. Walger's b. f. <i>Sophia</i> , 4 years, (W. Smith,)	8	0	0
2. Mr. Treves's b. h. <i>Snake</i> , 5 years,	8	10	0
2 to 1 on <i>Sophia</i> —A capital Race—TIME 3' 52"			

The Third Year of the Meerut Stakes of 50 Gold Mohurs each, *half forfeit*, for all Country-bred Horses—Meerut breeders Stakes Weights.—(5 Subscribers.)—T. T.

1. Mr. Black's ch. m. <i>Laurel Leaf</i> , by <i>Dehision</i> , out of <i>Tarrantula</i> , 6 years, (J. Hunter,)	9	0	8
2. Mr. Roberts's ch. f. <i>Maid of Avenel</i> , (sister to <i>Laurel Leaf</i>), 4 years,	8	4	0
2 to 1 on <i>Maid of Avenel</i> —A great betting Race—TIME 2' 57"			

Match for 100 Gold Mohurs.—R. C.

1. Mr. Black's ch. c. f. <i>Jessica</i> , by <i>Flamingo</i> , 4 years, (J. Hunter,)	8	7	0
2. Oakeley's b. c. f. <i>Fair Salopian</i> , by <i>Johnny</i> , 3 years,	8	0	0
A hard Race—TIME 3' 39"			

The first year of the St. Leger Stakes of 50 Gold Mohurs each for Country-bred 3-years, old Colts, 8st. 7lb.—Fillies, 8st. 4lbs.—T. J.—(3 Subscribers.)

1. Mr. Oakeley's b. c. *Eaves Dropper*, (J. Fox,)
2. Mr. Walter's b. f. _____, by *Benedick*.
3. Mr. Black's ch. c. *Whalebone*.

Won Easy.

Match for 100 Gold Mohurs.—H. M.

1. Capt. Hunter's b. E. h. <i>Tooth-pick</i> , (J. Barnet,)	8	0	0
2. Mr. Black's c. b. m. <i>Kid</i> ,	9	0	0
Won Easy.			

Sweepstakes for 50 Gold Mohurs Each.—H. M.

1. Mr. Walter's br. c. f. *Beggar Girl*, by *Vagrant*, 2 years, a feather, (T. Wiley,)
2. Mr. Robert's ch. c. c. *Impromptu*, by *Benedick*, 2 years, a feather.
3. Mr. Oakeley's b. c. m. *Gnat*, by *Young Gohanna*, 6 years, (Buxoo.)

Won Easy.

Laurel Leaf and *Maid of Avenel*, are matched to run the same weight and distance on Monday next.

Births.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. M. MEYERS, of a Son.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. W. RICHLORFF, of a Son.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. G. W. CRISHOLM, of a Daughter.

At Alleppey, on the 18th of December, the Lady of Captain ROBERT GORDON, of the Bombay Engineers, of a Son.

CURRENT VALUE OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY	CALCUTTA.	ESLL
14 14	Six per cent. New Loans,	14 10
18 2	Ditto Remittable, 1819-20,	18 14
17 14	Ditto Ditto, earlier Loans,	17 10

BANK OF BENGALE RATES.

Discount on Private Bills,	4 per cent.
Ditto on Government Bills of Exchange,	3 per cent.
Interest on Loans on Deposit,	3 per cent.
Bank Shares—Premium,	28 & 29 per cent.

Shipping Arrivals.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Feb. 10	Barretto Junior	Portuge.	V. J. Fernandes	Macao	Dec. 29
10	Confiança	Portuge.	J. Pereira	Macao	Dec. 18
10	Esperança	Portuge.	J. Machado	Macao	Dec. 11
10	Thetis	British	C. T. Davis	Madras	Jan. 16
10	Robarts	British	C. H. Bean	Rangoon	Jan. 29
11	Pascoa	British	T. Taylor	Whampoa	Dec. 15

MADRAS.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Jan. 26	Catherine	British	A. B. Benoist	Calcutta	Jan. 15
26	H. M. B. Wizard	British	Greville	Calcutta	—

Shipping Departures.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Feb. 9	Coral	Amercn.	C. Tredwell	Boston

The Ship WELLINGTON, Captain George Maxwell, for Penang, Malacca, Singapore, and Java, is expected to sail in two or three days.

Stations of Vessels in the River.

FEBRUARY 10, 1822.

At Diamond Harbour.—CATHARINE, coming to Town,—ABER-
TON, outward-bound, remains,—BARRETTO JUNIOR, ROBERTS, and
THETIS, inward-bound, remain,—ESPERANCA, and CONFIANÇA, passed up.

Kedgerce.—FAIRLIE, and NEPTUNE, outward-bound, remain,—
ARGYLE, CUMBRIAN (American), and FROLIC (Ketch), passed down.

New Anchorage.—H. C. Ships PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES,
and ROSE.

Saugor.—VIAJANTE, (P.) gone to Sea on the 9th instant.

Passengers.

Passengers per BARRETTO JUNIOR, Capt. V. J. Fernandes, from Macao
to Calcutta.—Baron de Joseph Porto Alegre, Mr. M. D. Souza, Mr. J.
E. Hector, and Mr. M. L. de Silva.

Passengers per CONFIANÇA, Captain J. Pereira, from Macao to Cal-
cutta.—Messrs. V. P. Barros, and J. dos Remedios, Merchants.

Passengers per THETIS, Captain C. T. Davis, from Bombay to Calcutta.
—Mr. Curton, Cadet of Artillery, from Madras, Captain West, Mr. W.
Lister, and Mr. F. Mackenzie, of the late Ship LADY CASTLEREAGH.

Passengers per ROBERTS, Captain C. H. Bean, from Rangoon to Cal-
cutta.—Mr. F. Bean, and Mr. W. P. Frazer.

Passengers per PASCOA, from Whampoa the 15th of December, Sinca-
pore, Malacca, and Penang the 17th of January to Calcutta.—Miss Haring-
ton, Lieutenant Colonel Johnstone, of His Majesty's 14th Regiment,
Captain Harington, Mr. C. Quiros, Mr. M. De Vitre, Mr. H. G. Bright-
man, and Mr. John Hodges. From Penang.—Lieutenant Wilson, of the
Bengal Artillery, with a Detachment of the Honorable Company's Ar-
tillery.

Nautical Notices.

Madras, January 29, 1822.—The ORIENT, Captain Wallace, conti-
nues her passage for England on Thursday. She is the only homeward
bound vessel in the Roads, but the ALBION, BARROSA, FAIRLIE, and
WILLIAM MILES, are hourly expected. His Majesty's Ship LEANDER
still remains in the Roads. She will sail, we believe, about Friday for
Trincomalee and Bombay. His Majesty's Brig WIZARD arrived from
Calcutta on Saturday evening.—Courier.

HIGH WATER AT CALCUTTA THIS DAY.

	H.	M.
Morning.....	7	29
Evening.....	7	54
Moon's Age.	21 Days	